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PRICE TEN CENTS.

# PUCK



WHAT OUR FOREFATHERS DID TO "SPECIAL PRIVILEGE."



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PUCK  
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## Cartoons and Comments

TALK AT TIMES IS  
EXPENSIVE.

IF President TAFT's campaign managers are crafty, they will find some work about the White House for their candidate to do during the months of September and October. Certainly they will not include in his speech-making itinerary the States of New Jersey, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Maryland, Minnesota, Kansas, California, and several others that might be mentioned. All that President TAFT might say in those States as a candidate for the Presidency he has already said in them as a candidate for the Republican nomination, and the recollection of the primary results in these States, after he finished talking, would not serve as the best of inspiration for a series of ringing speeches next fall. There would be very little ring to them, we fear, under the circumstances. President TAFT, as a result of the direct primaries, has an advantage which candidates for the high office of President seldom, if ever, have enjoyed before, but it is doubtful whether he enjoys it, or whether he even considers it an advantage. He knows in advance of election day just what a large number of the voters of his party think of him as a candidate. If he keeps off the stump, however, either with or against the advice of his managers, he may be able to make a better showing in November in certain States than he did in June. There is a frank, not to say a sad, unanimity of opinion that it would tax his resources to do worse.

ONE of the sanest suggestions we have seen in print is that the ROOSEVELT third-

party convention be held at Asbury Park. There is something reassuring in the very name. It suggests the cooling influence of sea-bathing and the calming presence of ocean breezes. If the ROOSEVELT partisans, in their present frame of mind, should meet in midsummer at some torrid inland point like Kansas City, there is no telling what might happen. Asbury Park, on the other hand, carries with it the idea of temperance, a most desirable thing in hot weather. If the ROOSEVELT convention gets as far as

Asbury, the members may decide to go still further in the direction of rectitude, and transplant their deliberations to Ocean Grove. If, before the matter is permanently settled, Asbury Park should be regarded by some of the delegates as too frivolous a place in which to give birth to a third party, there is, of course, Lake Mohonk, where they hold peace conferences every once in a while, and where automobiles and steam-rollers are never allowed. Best of all places, we believe, however, would be the great amphitheatre at Lake Chautauqua. The moral atmosphere of the spot, the spirit of uplift in the air, would put the ROOSEVELT delegates at their ease at once. Many of the ROOSEVELT leaders are already familiar with Chautauqua because of their experience in the lecture field. Then, after the blare of forty—count them—bands at Chicago, and the roar of cheers and jeers and “demonstrations” half-an-hour long for this one or that one, there would be real relief in the silent waving of dainty handkerchiefs, applause on the model of the Chautauqua salute. Come! If we must have the birth of a new party, let the accouchement take place amid quiet surroundings, so that mother and child may be sure of “doing well.”

THE mistakes of dead celebrities are thrown pitilessly in the limelight by the achievements of living wonders. After the tragedy of Waterloo, what was it that NAPOLEON did? He tried to evade the Allied forces and escape to America. What he should have done, was to have defied the Allies, organized a third party, and stuck.



THE LIBERTY BELL.

CAN IT BE REPAIRED SO THAT IT WILL RING AGAIN?



THE UNPREMEDITATED ALTOGETHER.

PERHAPS there will be solace for the good Mr. A. Comstock in the report that Mr. John Hemming Fry, a New York artist, has succeeded in painting some nudes which are not nearly as nude as some nudes. Quote: "Mr. Fry's pictures are almost all from classical mythology, and nearly all represent nude feminine figures, but a notable point in the exhibition is that in no case do the nudes seem 'naked'."

Maybe this is a delicate subject. Yet, considering that nearly all persons who read PUCK have at some time been exposed to the dangers of close proximity to a painting of this type, it should not be beyond the bounds of propriety (reasonable propriety, as the Supreme Court would qualify) to inquire into the manner in which Mr. Fry's nudes differ from nudes more nude. It is true, indeed, that there are nudes and nudes; and it is likewise true that there are people who look at them and other people who look at them. In one of these classes belong the Bostonian gentry who dismissed Miss (or Mrs.) Bacchante from her pleasant occupation at the water fountain of the Public Library in Copley Square. In the other class are people who take it for granted that the artist or sculptor had it in mind to represent something beautiful; believed that the body of a human being was beautiful, and so represented that.

Well-a-day! Perhaps Auntie Briggs cut in somewhere on a path between these two. Auntie was being shown through an important collection of Masters. As Auntie proceeded adown the line, the Old Masters did not seem to be making the nudes any less nude. Auntie's face was getting crimson, and then more red than that. Finally, as she was about to explode with indignation, somebody ran her up in front of an Italian masterpiece and whispered: "That's Eve." Now Eve, to overlook certain things, was a person who could not be regarded by Auntie as anywhere near as vicious as the others. Eve was in the Book. So she felt obliged to say something in extenuation of this painting. She thought a minute. Then she said: "Well, even if she is as—bare—as any of 'em, anyway she looks as if she didn't know it." Perhaps Mr. Fry has struck that note of nudity.



FROM EDEN.

DEALER IN ANTIQUES  
(whispering impressively). —  
Here is the chance of a collector's  
lifetime! This is the original fig-leaf!

RIALTO ROUNDELAYS.

THE ROMANCER.



**R.** and E. have a play for me,  
They've promised to bill Broadway for me,  
And make an awful hooray for me  
When the season is on next fall.  
Harrison Fiske has a Lead for me,  
The Shuberts fairly plead for me,  
They're showing an awful greed for me,  
The managers one and all.

Next year promises fine for me,  
S. R. O. is the sign for me,  
And the speculators in line for me  
Wherever I chance to show.  
It'll be just like the past for me  
When I had 'em lashed to the mast for me,  
And the money was coming fast for me  
And I "Packed 'em" in Kokomo.

Next season will be my busy one,  
A lively life and a dizzy one,  
A regular champagne fizzy one,  
But at present my means are few.  
Have you got a ten-spot loose for me?  
Well—a five that you could produce for me?  
A dollar would be of use for me—  
And a quarter or so would do!

Berton Braley.

HER OPPORTUNITY.

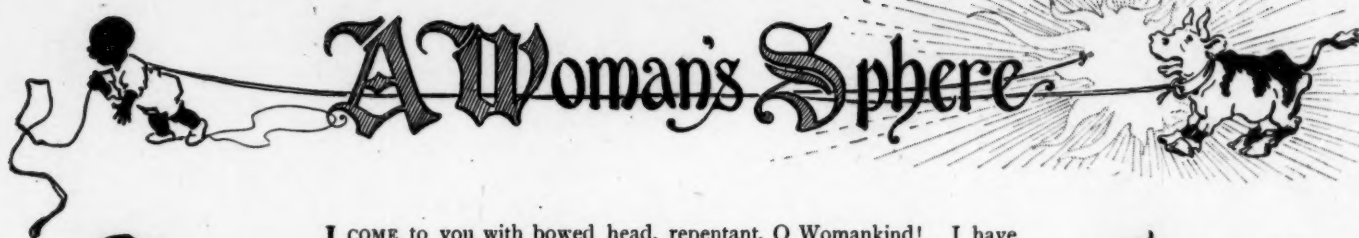
SHE looked up at him in sudden doubt. "Can I," she exclaimed, "be the only girl you ever told she was the only girl you ever really loved?" He took time to reflect. "No," he at length made answer; "but if distinction is what you are after you can, if you like, be the only girl that ever believed me."



GLORY.

FLEEING CITIZEN OF POMPEII.—Art mad? The city is doomed! Why dost thou not run instead of lying here in front of Aurelius Moneybag's doorstep?  
HOBBO OF POMPEII.—Canst thou not see that thousands of years hence, when they dig me up, the excavators will take me for Aurelius Moneybag?

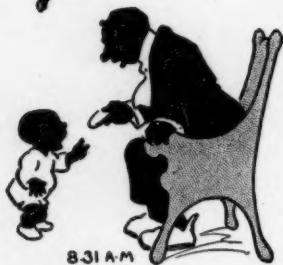
**M**an's capacity for love and his capacity for love-making are often in inverse proportion to one another.



I COME to you with bowed head, repentant, O Womankind! I have talked much, during the years, of woman's sphere. Aye, much too much. I haste toward you with a thousand pardons to be begged.

I am no longer stewing in my ignorance. I am cognizant of great truth. I do not apologize for saying that woman has a sphere. But I should have mentioned that it is a lop-sided sphere.

To-day, for two hours, I tested the possibilities of woman's sphere. For two hours I minded the baby. I tabulate my activities thus:



8.31 A.M.



8.34 A.M.

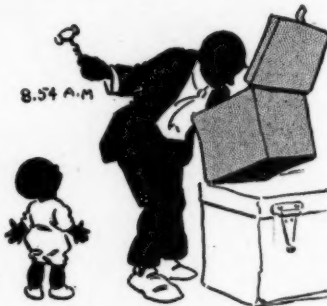


8.45 A.M.

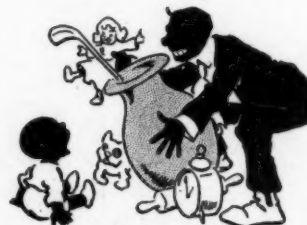
- 8.30 A.M. Novitiate begins.  
8.31 Baby wants a cookie. I procure same.  
8.32 Baby wants papa to eat cookie. It is done.  
8.33 Baby wants another cookie. Certainly.  
8.34 Will papa eat this cookie? He will.  
8.35 Baby wants mamma. Impossibility pointed out. Wails.  
8.40 Baby wants to hear watch tick. Watch ticks for baby.  
8.45 Baby wants pretty picture. Picture taken from the wall.  
8.45 1/2 Baby does not want pretty picture. Baby wants sun.  
8.46 Baby convinced that sun can't be had. Wails.  
8.47 Baby wants milk.  
8.48 Baby does not want milk. Wants pretty picture.  
8.50 See pretty dolly. No. See pretty doggie. No. Wails.  
8.51 Baby wants to get on daddy's knee.  
8.51 1/2 Baby wants to get down.  
8.52 Baby wants cow. What cow? Cow. Cow? Cow. Where? Cow.  
8.53 Brilliant idea. Cow probably refers to milk. Baby wants milk?  
Baby does not want milk. Wants cow. Cow? Cow. Im-  
possible to get cow. Wails.  
8.54 Baby wants coof. Coof? Coof. What does baby want? Coof.  
Daddy in search of coof. Can't find coof. Wails.  
8.59 Pretty picture? No. Wails. Baby wants stove. Baby wants  
sun. Baby wants coof. Wants cow. Offer cookie as sub-  
stitute. No substitute allowed. Wails.  
9.00 Same as above, with marvelous variations, including petition for  
table, chair, oock (what the deuce is "oock"?), lipoo, ningana,  
10.30 water, more water, more water, pretty dolly, etc., etc.



8.51 A.M.



8.54 A.M.



9.00 to 10.30 A.M.

I come to you with bowed head, repentant, O Womankind. I have spoken much of woman's sphere. And I have wondered what women do in their spare time. Heaven forgive me!

Freeman Tilden.

#### A WONDERFUL RECOVERY.

**A**FTER a sojourn at Atlanta, Georgia, as a guest of the United States Government, Mr. Charles W. Morse has returned to Bath, Maine, his former home. Mr. Morse will be remembered by some persons as the eminent financier who violated all the banking laws that were ever made, and then sighed for more banking laws to violate. By some others he will be remembered as the man who plucked widows, orphans, and other hypothetical and actual investors. The widows and orphans would never have given any trouble; but Mr. Morse was so thoughtless as to include among his victims a number of Tammany officials, whose regret at parting with their money is equaled only by their subterranean skill in acquiring it. This tactical blunder got Mr. Morse a fine position at the penitentiary.



But by most of those who read the newspapers Charles W. Morse will be recalled in days to come as the man who made the most marvelous recovery from the jaws of death that ever was made. In comparison to the cure effected upon this man's person the miracles of Lourdes are as Jamaica ginger for the pip. Morse had not been a guest at the Atlanta institution very long before he felt unwell. In most such cases the boarders are taken to the infirmary on the premises, and there almost invariably recover. There are few deaths at penitentiaries, in spite of the fact that most of the men who go to them are suffering from one disease or another—mostly one disease. Perhaps this is because of the healthful regimen. There are no long poker-sessions, no dodging automobiles, no wet feet, none of those dangers to which outsiders are subject.

Well, Morse was sick almost from the moment he went in the big gate. He went to the hospital. That made him sicker. All the

diseases to which flesh is heir swooped down upon him. He had everything, according to various diagnoses, barring housemaid's knee. Yea, and save Potts's fracture. Medicine did no good. What he needed was a change of scene. Yes; that was it, a change of scene. A number of counterfeiters and safe-blowers in the institution needed change of scene also, but they were not as sick as Mr. Morse. So, to furnish this remedy, Morse was pardoned by a good-natured stout gentleman in Washington. He has been a well man ever since.

#### THE PAYERS.

VISITING LODGE-MEMBER.—How's things?

HOME LODGE-MEMBER.—Well, our little lodge has a hard time getting along, and we just barely raise enough to pay our monthly assessments to our New York headquarters. By the way, if you ever go down there, you want to see the new diamond-studded fifty-story building we've got.

#### ONE BETTER.

ENGLISHMAN.—You Americans like nothing better than a nine-days' wonder.

AMERICAN.—Oh, yes we do.

ENGLISHMAN.—What?

AMERICAN.—A nine-inning wonder, for instance.



#### A NAME CONTEST.

SUMMER BOARDER.—We hope to get our daughter Gwendolyn married this year. We are looking for a title for her.

UNCLE EBEN.—A title? Say, you want to let Eph Hoskins, editor of the *Bazoo*, run a title contest for you. He got a swell name for Lem Higgins's Aruka Corn Salve that way!





OUR INDEPENDENCE DAY, AND HOW WE CELEBRATE IT.

**I**t takes something besides mere money to make a man look more important than his butler.



THREE YEARS is quite a long time for Wall Street to remember anything, but if you mention the "Rock Island Episode" everybody knows just what you mean. There was a big party at the Irvington-on-Hudson home of the leader of what goes by the name of the "Rock Island crowd," and, the morning after, the signals being still decidedly mixed, Rock Island Common did stunts unparalleled in its history. Some people have good reasons for remembering the "Rock Island Episode."

One of these was running through the newspapers not long ago when he came across an item stating that this same leader of the Rock Island forces was to give a dinner to forty of his friends at his Irvington home on the night of the fifteenth. For a moment his face darkened, then cleared as he noted the date. "The fifteenth," he was heard to murmur. "Well, anyway, he's had the good sense this time to make it on a Saturday night."

"HOW MUCH do 'the interests' care who is elected?" remarked the president of one of the big lower Broadway trust companies. "Well, I notice that, two days before the Republican Convention began, James J. Hill and a party of his friends, comprising some of the biggest financial men in the United States, started on a long fishing-trip to the wilds of Labrador. That does n't look to me as though they cared an awful lot!"

FIVE YEARS ago there was a panic. It was a bad panic, but everyone who knows anything about it agrees that it came near being very much worse. When things were at their blackest, and the sudden stoppage of credit threatened to carry a dozen or twenty banks and bankers down to

wreck and ruin, the Government stepped in and threw twenty-five millions of money into the market and saved the day. From that moment the situation improved rapidly.



"LITTLE GIRL!"

NO DAMSEL IS TOO FAT TO BE "LITTLE GIRL" TO HER FIANCE.

Ostensibly to prevent the recurrence of such conditions, a lot of Representatives have got themselves appointed to investigate the "Money Trust."

Now, when you set about preventing the recurrence of any given condition, the first thing you do, naturally, is to find out the things by which that condition was caused. So that was the method adopted by these "Money Trust" investigators? Oh, my, no! What kind of "copy" can you make out of a study of banking conditions? The public would n't bother with that. The public wants names—action—"J. P. Morgan Raised Twenty Millions in Twenty Minutes"—"The Banks Got the Government's Money"—"United States Treasury Comes to the Rescue"—that sort of thing. So that was the sort of thing brought out by the investigating committee.

It's all been gone over a thousand times. Everybody knows about it already. It has no possible bearing on what can be done to prevent another panic. It's a study in ancient history.

The Committee announces that it will resume its hearings in the Fall. Wall Street doesn't believe that after this first exhibition they'll ever be resumed.

WITH the connection between the New York Central system and the Western Maryland, by which the Central will get an outlet at Baltimore, about finished, the railway "map-makers" and customers'-chair critics have worked themselves up to a great pitch of excitement.

For some months past they have been filling their papers full of stories about what was going to happen—how New York Central and Pennsylvania were coming to a death-grapple, with Chesapeake & Ohio and Norfolk & Western trying to edge into the scrap wherever possible.

Back in April one of the big dailies carried a "story" put together by one of the youngest men on the financial staff, and written to show that within six weeks the "traffic-battle" would be raging in all its fury.

A day or so ago the managing editor happened to come across this article and, after glancing it through, sent for the man who originally wrote it.

"This is pretty strong stuff," he remarked. "According to this story, we ought to be in the midst of the biggest traffic battle in history by now. But there's nothing doing."

"I know," broke in the 'cub' reporter, with a grin. "It does n't seem possible to me that a whole bunch of big railroads could be so darned disobliging."

Franklin.

# JUST THE PLACE FOR BIG FIRE-CRACKERS.



MR. BLUFFHAM.—Yes, my boy, that suit of armor was worn by one of my ancestors at the battle of ———



—— Agincourt!!





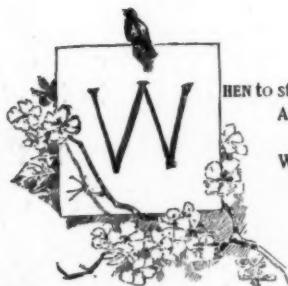
THE CITY VIEWPOINT.

INQUISITIVE STRANGER.—What do you do for a living in such a dead place as this?

OLD SALT.—Me? I'm a fisherman.

INQUISITIVE STRANGER.—A fisherman? Why, what in thunder do you do when you take a vacation?

### SUMMER TIME!



WHEN to stand is very painful, and you cannot bear to sit,  
And can just endure the hammock with the cushions out  
of it,  
When you cannot eat nor sleep, nor even read a little bit—  
That's summer! Summer time!

When you're packed in like a sardine on a boiler-  
heated boat,  
Waving handkerchiefs and hollering until you split  
your throat,

And the captain and the pilot have a job to keep afloat—  
That's summer! Summer time!

When you tote and tug and tussle till you totter on your legs,  
And are hampered with a hamper full of potted ham and eggs,  
And you labor like a nigger throwing horseshoes over pegs—  
That's summer! Summer time!

When your sweetheart is as lovely as an apricot in June,  
And you know you have to take her to the ice-cream man's saloon,  
Just because that is the only place to comfortably spoon—  
That's summer! Summer time!

Hamilton Pope Galt.

### SPECTACULAR SPORTS.

LET all true philosophers affirm that it is good for men and women to  
excel at something, though it be but tossing the beanbag or making  
the greatest possible number of political parties out of the word  
willumrandolphhearth. And let all good citizens acknowledge that it is  
somehow good to send a lot of our husky youths over to Stockholm to see  
how much higher they can jump than a Scandinavian or a turbaned

Turk. It is not the worst sight in the world to see a lad in short white  
panties vault lightly over a crossbar at some unheard-of height, or to be at  
the finish tape when the fleet fellows of the hundred-yard dash romp home  
with that happy expression upon their faces that the camera has so often  
caught for us and published in the newspapers.

Sports are good. Everybody should have a  
sport; but be it understood that this statement  
must not be strained to cover such spurious  
activities as trust-busting, cutting coupons, or  
running for office. No; by sports is meant  
athletic sports, of which not the least useful,  
if not used as a means of livelihood, are  
chasing the greased pig, shinning trees,  
pitching horse-shoes, or sawing wood. Too  
few people are in trim. Too many people  
are too much at the girth and too shy at  
the biceps and leg-muscles. Too many persons  
go to baseball games when they ought to be  
playing baseball themselves, and one of our  
greatest national calamities was the untimely  
death of the bicycle.

The greatest trouble with athletic sport in this  
land is that it is being used too little to cultivate clean,  
strong bodies, and too much to fatten the ego. Boys  
can't play baseball any more, much less football, because of the exhilaration  
and exercise of those games. They don't get any fun out of them unless  
papa and mamma and Cousin Ruth and the young woman who lives in  
the next house are on the side-lines or in the grand-stand waving a hand-  
kerchief or a preposterous banner of encouragement. There must be a cheer-  
ing squad; a bookmaker; a referee, and a report of the whole proceeding  
in the next morning's newspaper. Otherwise there's no game.



The sternness of Fate may often be a good deal ameliorated by the right  
kind of a disposition.

THE PUCK PRESS



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PUCK



## A Gilbert and Sullivan Oasis.



Too bad we have n't any humorists of the Gilbert and Sullivan school to write us a comic opera just now. Think of the good material all about us going to waste. New York is full of types which would be wonderful subject-matter for a good libretto. There are the boarding-house ladies, and the near-Bohemians who have seen an act of "La Boheme" and let it go at that; the flat-dwellers, the muck-rakers, people with no sense of humor who think they have one (and their name is legion); and last, but by no means least, our own Theodore, who alone would be sufficient material for a dozen librettists. The woods are full of good stuff, and yet every season they hand us out the same old something called "The Baby Girl," in which two "millionaires doing Paris," a collapsible staircase, revolving rooms in some notorious French restaurant, and a fat lady falling on a thin man

are the elements of humor. "The Pirates of Penzance" is an awful relief, coming at the end of a dreary season of "song-shows" full of Gaby gliding squabs carrying suit-cases, which light up from the inside and form a train of cars, Broadway gags, and pretty chorus-men dressed as dragoons—very often they are the only funny things in the show. Even if the revivals are n't wonderfully well done, the lyrics and score make up for other things.

De Wolf Hopper's soft-hearted policeman, whose "life is not a happy one," goes a long way toward making "The Pirates" a success. George MacFarlane as Major Stanley, and Eugene Cowles as a robust pirate chieftain, do well. Blanche Duffield sings charmingly. Josephine Jacoby as Ruth is very much out of it. W. E. Hill.

### SUCH IS FAME.

NEW YORKER (in restaurant, as the band plays "The Mikado").—I'm glad we dropped into this place. I enjoy Sullivan's music so much.

CHICAGOAN.—Does Big Tim run this joint?



### LONG TIME GONE.

CRUSTY PATRON.—By George! But I'm glad to see you back! Was the strike settled?

WAITER.—What strike, sir?

CRUSTY PATRON.—Oh, come now! Where were you since you took my order?

### NATURE'S WAY.

"EVEN the waves clasp hands," He said, repining,—

"See how they race the sands, Gladly entwining,

Eager to meet and kiss, Never fainthearted!"

"But," she said, "think of this— Next thing they're parted!"

Madeline Bridges.

### NECESSARY TO GO.

"YES, I really must go to-morrow."

"You can just as well stay till Monday."

"But the folks are expecting me."

"Telegraph them that you're going to stay."

"I'm sorry, but if I stay, I'm liable to lose

a thousand dollars on that deal I told you of."

"Oh, pshaw, the deal can wait a few days."

"My manager has written me that my business

needs my attention."

"Yes, but he is only afraid to assume a little

responsibility. The business will be all right."

"There is an important meeting of the directors

that I really must attend."

"Oh, they'll get along all right without you."

"You know how much I'd like to stay, but the

fact is my railroad ticket runs out to-morrow."

"Well, in that case, I suppose you will have

to go. Be sure and come up to see us again in

a month or two."

Walter G. Doty.

### AFTER THE FLOOD.

NOAH WAS downcast. "There is nobody to bore with the tale of my first trip abroad," he cried. Herewith he sadly waited for the world to populate.



### PREPARING.

WILLIE (aged seven).—Tommy says when he grows up he's going to have free candy and no school.

JACKIE (aged eight).—Take it from me, kid: Don't swallow all that stuff! Tommy's just starting his boom for 1940, that's all!





PUCK

# What's What in Washington.



ANEC AND OTHER DOTES FROM THE CAPITAL CITY.

NEARLY as wonderful as the Aladdin lamp is the new salt-and-pepper suit owned and worn these torrid days by Representative Timothy T. Ansberry of Ohio. It is guaranteed to bring luck to him who has the nerve, or rather the privilege, to appear in public with it on.

The other day Mr. Ansberry showed up at the Capitol clad in this conspicuous wearing apparel. He was the cynosure of all his fellow Democrats, to say nothing of his political enemies across the dividing line, when he sauntered on to the floor of the House.

Representative William Hughes of New Jersey was the first to make a remark about the Ohio Congressman's conspicuous adornment. "Look here, Tim," he said, "where in the world did you get that make-up? That is almost the loudest and ugliest suit I ever saw. How did you get the nerve to show up here inside of it?"

Then it was that Representative Ansberry took his friend Hughes over to one side and confided in him that he wore the suit for luck. "Just to prove that this suit will bring the fellow that wears it good luck, let me show you this bank-roll that I won at the races over in Baltimore yesterday." As he spoke, Mr. Ansberry dug down and extracted from his right-hand trousers pocket a roll of bills that looked very much like a dime's worth of lettuce.

"Well, that isn't so bad," commented Mr. Hughes as he continued to gaze at the big roll of tens and twenties. "Maybe I could make a few dimes for myself, too, if I had that suit on. Listen, Tim," he continued enthusiastically, "if you let me wear your salt-and-pepper suit I'll go over to the Pimlico races this afternoon and clean up a little change."

Mr. Ansberry, accomodating Congressman that

he is, agreed, and the two went over to Mr. Ansberry's office and changed clothes. Mr. Hughes's clothes did n't fit the Ohio Representative any too well, and likewise the new salt-and-pepper suit had to be tucked in at a few important places before it looked passably well on the venturesome New Jersey Representative. However, Mr. Hughes started out, and when he returned from the Maryland paddock that night he hunted up his benefactor, the owner of the lucky suit, and displayed a bank-roll amounting to a little over \$200.

The word was passed down the line among superstitious colleagues of the two Congressmen that the salt-and-pepper suit that many scoffed at would surely bring luck to the wearer, and now it is in great demand among members of the majority in the House. Mr. Ansberry insists that it is the best investment he ever made, and that no amount of money would induce him to part with it.

William Jennings Bryan, it is said, asked Mr. Ansberry to lend him the luck-bringing suit so that he might wear it at the Baltimore Convention, but his request came too late, for the Ohio Representative had promised Governor Harmon that he might wear it on that eventful occasion.

OF THE sixteen Representatives from Missouri in Congress, including, of course, Champ Clark, who looks after the interests of the Ninth District while wielding the gavel in the House, twelve are lawyers. All are dyed-in Schedule K Democrats with the exception of the three Congressmen who hail from St. Louis town—Representatives Richard Bartholdt, Theron E. Catlin, and Leonidas Carstarphen Dyer. It is significant that Congressmen Lloyd, Rucker, Alexander, Booher, Borland, Dickinson,

Hamlin, Clark, Catlin, Dyer, Hensley, and Russell are attorneys-at-law, and each looks after his clients at home when he is not sending out free garden-seeds and introducing private pension bills for his constituents in Washington. The Missourians in Congress having seats in the lower House who are unfamiliar with the phraseology of Blackstone are Congressmen Bartholdt, a newspaper man, Rubey, a school-teacher, Daugherty, a farmer, banker, and miner, and Shackelford, "the greatest shepherd since Abraham" with the exception of Senator Warren, who has so many sheep grazing on his ranch in Wyoming that he could n't begin to count them in a week's time.

Unless he is a Missouri Democrat, the Representative who rises in his seat on the floor of the House and seeks recognition is referred to by the Chair as "The Gentleman from New York," or "Chairman Fitzgerald of the Appropriations Committee," or "Mr. Hubbard, the gentleman from Iowa, is recognized." Not so, however, if a colleague of Speaker Clark has anything to say. In that event—and it is a very common occurrence in the House—the Speaker refers to the Missouri Congressman as "Judge So-and-So." Whenever Representative Rucker rises in his seat it is "Judge Rucker is recognized." Likewise, if Congressman Lloyd has anything to say which he wishes to have the stenographers take down so that it can be printed and sent back home at the Government's expense for political ammunition he is referred to respectfully as "Judge Lloyd of Missouri."

It is necessary to be a Democratic Congressman from Missouri to be known officially as "Judge" when Speaker Clark is in the chair. Everyone else is "Mister," even Uncle Joe Cannon and J. Kubio Kalaniana'ole of Waikiki, the Hawaiian delegate, who is a real live prince by royal proclamation.

## SOLILOQUY OF A STOCKING.



I AM a stocking.  
I am a long stocking.  
I am one of a pair.  
I am for one leg of a pair.  
I am made of silk and some other things.  
I am made very shapely.  
I can be pulled through a tiny finger-ring.  
I am a good stocking.  
I am a guaranteed stocking.  
I wonder where I will go?  
I wonder if I will be liked?  
I wonder if I will be filled?  
I wonder if I will be properly supported?  
I wonder if I will become holey?  
I am lonely and unoccupied.  
I am for sale.

## OFTEN THE CASE.

"WHAT sort of a newspaper have you here?" inquired the recently-arrived stranger.

"Well," frankly replied the landlord of the tavern, "many of the brightest writers in this country and England are regular contributors to the *Plaindealer* without knowing it."

## CRIBS.

GENERAL.—Did you find anything on the prisoner when you searched him?

AIDE.—Almost a wagon load of finely written paper.

GENERAL.—Hold him until we find out whether he is a spy or merely a college student going to an examination.

## UNPARDONABLE.

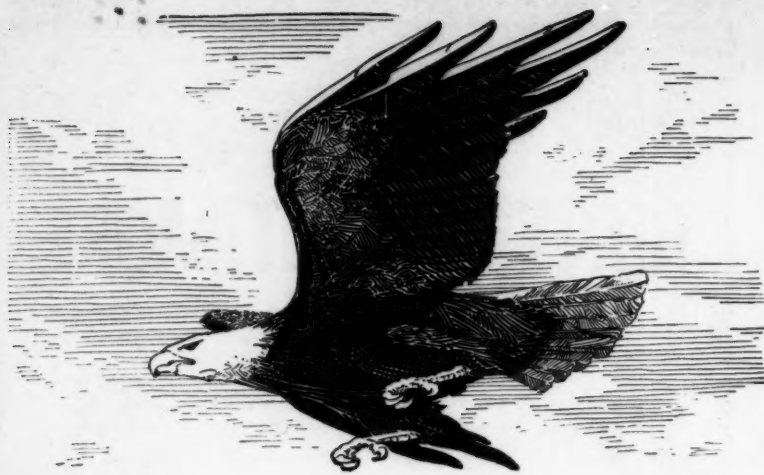
MADGE.—What makes you say that golf is a stupid game?  
MARJORIE.—I went out to the links with George, and he paid more attention to the old ball than he did to me.



## SPLendid CHANCE.

CITY MAN.—Is there a good chance for investment around here?  
NATIVE.—You bet! More opportunity than there ever was. Land that my father paid three dollars an acre for thirty years ago I can get for two dollars now.

**T**here are some people whose energy is tireless, and others, alas, whose energy is occasionally tiresome.



# Budweiser

*The World's Favorite Bottled Beer*

What made it so?—

**QUALITY and PURITY**

**173,184,600 Bottles sold in 1911.**

*Bottled only at the Home Plant  
in St. Louis*

**Anheuser-Busch Brewery**  
St. Louis, Mo.

A.I. IN VAIN.



"I would n't have so much patience as you, neighbor. If I were in your place, and my husband always growled so, I would throw dishes, plates, knives, forks, and spoons altogether—everything I could lay my hands on—at his head! Perhaps he'd let up then."  
"Have n't I already done that! But it's no use. It only gives him all the more pleasure—he was formerly a juggler."  
—*Fliegende Blätter.*

Every lover of a good cocktail should insist that Abbott's Bitters be used in making it; insures your getting the very best.  
U. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

Devotees of Auto Sport—encounter Cutting Winds—Dust and Cinders. Wise ones apply Murine after other ablutions and their Eyes respond to the Soothing "Two Drops."  
Greater Eyeills are thus Prevented. Try Murine.

LIKED THE RING.

MAUD.—When you broke the engagement, of course you returned the diamond ring he gave you?

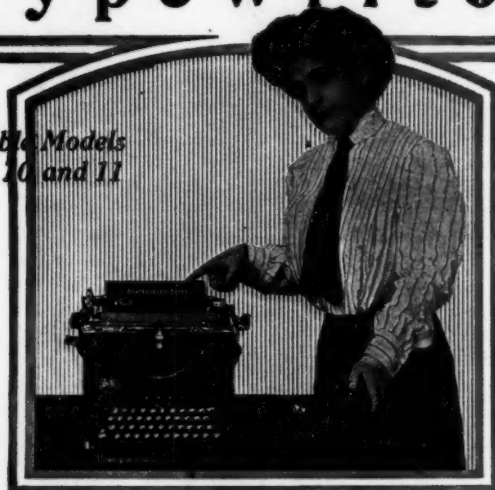
ETHEL.—Certainly not! I don't care for Jack any more, but my feelings have not changed toward the ring.—*Boston Transcript.*

To have created a vast industry which has saved the world enough labor to build an empire—  
To have fixed and established the basic principles on which all typewriters are constructed—  
To have created a standard of merit by which all writing machines are judged—  
To have maintained this standard for more than a generation, at a level never approached by others—  
To have made every recent contribution to typewriter progress—

These are some achievements of the

## Remington Typewriter

Visible Models  
10 and 11



**Remington Typewriter Company**  
(Incorporated)  
New York and Everywhere

NOT LIKE HER.

"What dirty hands you have, Johnnie!" said the teacher. "What would you say if I came to school like that?"

"I would n't say nothin'," replied Johnnie. "I'd be too polite."—*Delineator.*

*The Whiskey*  
for YOUR Home  
**SUNNY BROOK**  
The PURE FOOD WHISKEY  
Medicinally Pure!  
For Sale Everywhere  
ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTE

## HOTEL ST. DENIS

Broadway and 11th Street  
NEW YORK CITY

HOME COMFORTS WITHOUT EXTRAVAGANCE

This famous hotel has been renovated, redecored, refurnished, and many modern, up-to-date appointments have been installed, and can be compared favorably with any in the city. The only first-class hotel near all steamship lines. Within easy access of every point of interest. Half block from Wanamaker's. Five minutes' walk of Shopping District. NOTED FOR:—Excellence of cuisine, comfortable appointments, courteous service, and homelike surroundings.

The very best accommodations in the city at **\$1.00 per Day Up.**

7 minutes from Grand Central Depot.

10 minutes to Leading Stores and Theatres.

**ST. DENIS HOTEL CO.**

Also Stanwix Hall Hotel, Albany, N. Y.

Wine Jelly  
more delight  
25 cts. in sta



**You Will Come Back**  
from your outing rejuvenated in mind and body  
if a course of

# Evans' Ale

is made part of your holiday schedule—  
Nothing but good health and good blood  
follows its use. An absolutely safe, delici-  
ous and dependable Summer beverage.

All Dealers and Places. C. H. EVANS & SONS, Hudson, N. Y.

IKE WALTON.

When old Ike Walton wrote his book  
About the rod and line,  
There was a fish for every hook,  
And angling then was fine;  
But if Ike Walton lived to-day  
He'd hear, past any doubt:  
"This stream was once a peach, they say,  
But now it's all fished out."

When old Ike Walton grabbed his pen  
And wrote, by reams and reams,  
It seemed he had no bum luck when  
He whipped old England's streams;  
He tells about the lures that won,  
And all the kinds he tried;  
But when that wondrous book is done  
One thinks: "Old Ike has lied."

When old Ike Walton lured men out  
To wade the babbling stream  
He was inspired, past all doubt,  
By many a wondrous dream;  
But if the fish he caught were dumped  
Upon an honest scale,  
We'd find Ike Walton's stock had slumped—  
Which is no idle tale.—*Denver Republican.*

WHEN a group of visitors was going through the county jail recently a burly negro trusty was called to open doors and perform other similar duties for the visitors.

"How do you like it in here?" one of them asked.

"Like it? Lawd, if evah Ah gets out o' heah, I'll go so fer frum town it'll take \$9 to sen' me a postal-card."—*Indianapolis News.*



HUMAN INGENUITY  
CANNOT MAKE BETTER  
WHISKEY THAN



## HUNTER BALTIMORE RYE



FROM SELECTED GRAIN  
SCIENTIFICALLY DISTILLED  
AND THOROUGHLY AGED

Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers.  
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore Md.



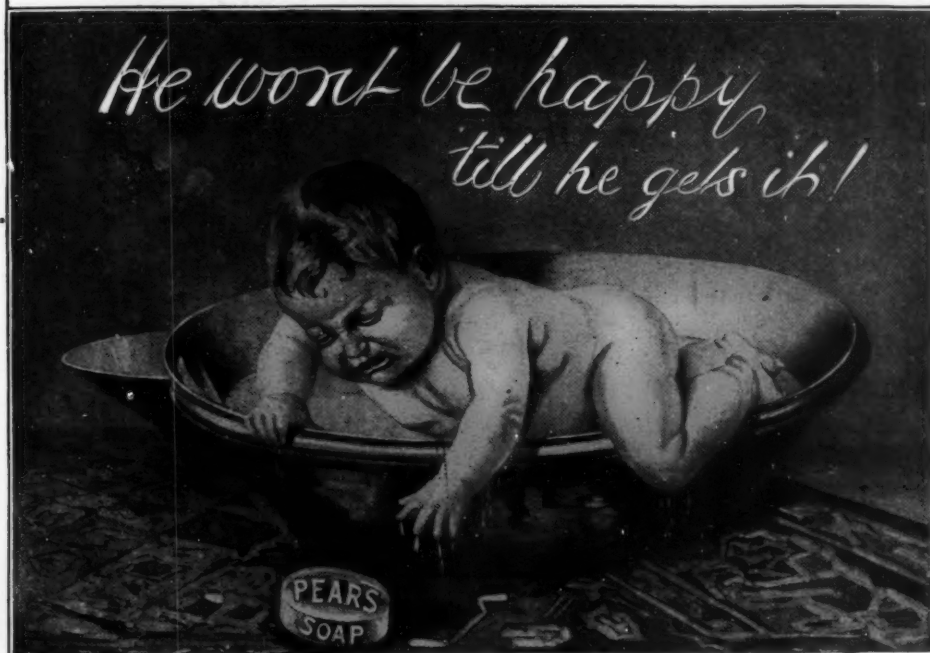
"You've made a mistake in your paper," said the indignant man, entering the editorial sanctum. "I was one of the competitors at the athletic match yesterday, and you have called me the well-known lightweight champion."

"Well, are n't you?" said the editor.

"No. I'm nothing of the kind, and it's confoundedly awkward, because, you see, I'm a coal merchant."—*Cleveland Leader.*

## Who will be the next President?

*He won't be happy  
till he gets it!*



"All rights secured"

NO HITCH.

"Did her wedding go off without a hitch?"

"It did, indeed! The man she was going to marry did not show up!" —*Brooklyn Life.*

UNWORTHY.

A woman lately wrote an editor of the "Personal" columns, and said: "I have lost three husbands, and now have an offer of a fourth. Shall I accept him?"

The reply was: "If you have lost three husbands I should say you are too careless to be trusted with the fourth." —*Harper's Magazine.*

KNEW HIM.

BACON. — What would you do if I sent you a message by wireless?

EGBERT. — If you sent it, I suppose I'd have to pay for it. —*Yonkers Statesman.*

## Great Western Champagne

EXTRA DRY

The only American Cham-  
pagne ever awarded a  
Gold Medal at Foreign  
Expositions:

Paris Exposition, 1867

France

Paris Exposition, 1889

France

Paris Exposition, 1900

France

Vienna Exposition, 1873

Austria

Bruxelles Exposition, 1897

Belgium

Bruxelles Exposition, 1910

Belgium



Pleasant Valley  
Wine Co.

Oldest and Largest Champagne  
Producers in America  
Rheims New York

ALWAYS A SAFE REMARK.



AMATEUR NED KELLY (*sotto voce*).—By Jove! I've forgotten my jolly lines. Goodness gracious, whatever shall I do?

PROFESSIONAL DAN KELLY (*equal to occasion*).—Shoot the nearest policeman, and beef out: "To the bush, boys, to the bush!"

—*Sydney Bulletin.*

Wine Jelly when flavored with Abbott's Bitters is made more delightful and healthful. Sample of bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

Murine Eye Tonic has Won Many Friends for that "Morning After the Night Before" Feeling.

## MANHATTAN BEACH

"SWEET BY OCEAN BREEZES"

### SURF BATHING

New York's Most Popular and Fashionable Resort By-the-Sea.

Where the temperature seldom varies from 70°. Within city limits, half hour by train; one hour by auto.

Unsurpassed Surf Bathing

Deep Sea Fishing

Celebrated Musical Concerts

New Tennis Courts

Famous Outdoor Restaurant

Boating and Sailing

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## ORIENTAL HOTEL

OPENS JUNE 27th

EUROPEAN PLAN.

Mercadante's Orchestra Morning and Evening.

Auto Roads Direct to Hotel Entrance.

Excellent Garage and Parking Accommodations.

JOSEPH P. GREAVES, Manager

FLORIDA EAST COAST HOTEL CO.

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# THE ARTIFICIAL TAR.



I.  
 It happened I went, when the summer was spent,  
 To a popular inn by the sea,  
 And the time was near when it closed for the year  
 And there wasn't a guest but me.

II.  
 And there before I met on the shore  
 A sailor at rest on a spar,  
 And my heart was thrilled, for he somehow filled  
 My boyhood's dream of a tar.

III.  
 He was bronzed and stout, and he looked about  
 In an easy, affable way,  
 And even afar he'd a flavor of tar,  
 And he puffed at a pipe of clay.



IV.  
 He'd a seaman's fist, and his muscular wrist  
 Was tattooed with a wealth of tint,  
 And he cast his eye aloft at the sky  
 With a genuine nautical squint.



V.  
 So I said "Good-day," in a friendly way,  
 Intent upon drawing him out,  
 But his mildness fled, and he sternly said:  
 "Now I know what you're about."

VI.  
 "And I know full well the way to tell  
 A proper nautical yarn,  
 For I know the place to weather a brace  
 Or cat the anchor astern."

VII.  
 "And never a soul, when my billers roll,  
 But shudders in sore affright,  
 Or sobs in grief when we rams a reef  
 And sinks in the dead o' night."

VIII.  
 "Yes, I know the art, and they owe a part  
 O' the local color to me;  
 But the summer's done, and my yarns is spun,  
 And I'm sick o' the noisy sea."

IX.  
 "So I've left the hotel, though they paid  
 me well,  
 And it's old Missouri for mine,  
 Where I spent my days till I took a craze  
 For the nautical yarning line."



X.  
 Then he went his way, and the sky grew gray,  
 And the sea ran sobbingly near.  
 Oh, dream of my youth!—but I love the truth  
 As faithfully chronicled here.

Gorton Carruth.

**The important fact that the rolling stone gathers no moss seems to have made no impression whatever on the average suburban cook.**





Mine host, the shrewd innkeeper knew how to make the rattling post chaises stop at his gate. To his guest he served

**Old Overholt Rye**  
"Same for 100 years"

With a glass of this mellow old liquor — what comfort! what dreaming!  
Aged in charred oak; bottled in bond.

A. Overholt & Co.  
Pittsburgh, Pa.

## Bar-Keepers Friend Metal Polish

**INFALLIBLE  
WORKS QUICK  
WILL NOT SCRATCH**

USED IN  
MILLIONS OF HOMES  
SAMPLE BOX FREE

Geo. W. Hoffman Co. Indianapolis, Ind.



## On Lake George The Sagamore

**L**AKE GEORGE, the grandest lake in the State of New York, unsurpassed scenery, a marvel in beauty, and the gateway of The Adirondacks.

**The Sagamore**  
meaning "Big Chief," a hotel emphatically unique in arrangement, a place you must see, stay awhile, meet the people and you will not want to leave; contentment will be your lot. Try it, and ask those who have been there. Finest Automobile roads in the section; rest, quietness and plenty to do at the same time.

**T. Edmund Krumbholz,  
P. O. Sagamore, N. Y.**

The Kirkwood, - - - Camden, S. C.  
Hotel Montclair, - - - Montclair, N. J.

A BIT SUPERSTITIOUS.  
"My poor wife! Buried on a Friday, too! I hope it won't bring me bad luck!"—*Pile Mêle.*

### DAN'S FIRST VISIT TO THE SEA.



YOUNG DAN (watching the tide going out).—My oath, dad! They can do with some rain down here. Why, I can see the blessed dam dryin' up!—*Sydney Bulletin.*

**GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER.**  
"Its Purity Has Made It Famous."  
50c. per case of 6 glass stoppered bottles.

## TEST FOR YOURSELF Mix the best cocktail you know how — test it side by side with a Club Cocktail

No matter how good a Cocktail you make you will notice a smoothness and mellowness in the Club Cocktail that your own lacks.

Club Cocktails after accurate blending of choice liquors obtain their delicious flavor and delicate aroma by ageing in wood before bottling. A new cocktail can never have the flavor of an aged cocktail.

Manhattan, Martini and other standard blends, bottled, ready to serve through cracked ice.

Refuse Substitutes  
AT ALL DEALERS

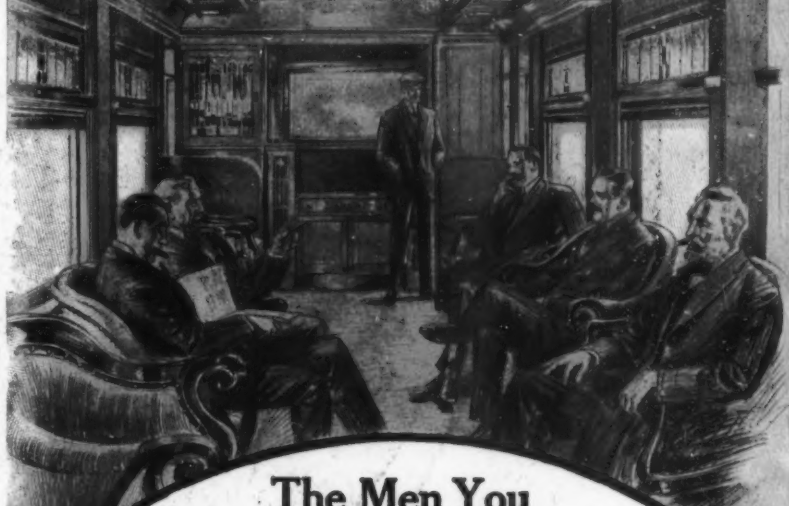
G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Props.  
Hartford New York London



It makes a lot of difference whose boss is gored.—*Washington Post.*

**HENRY LINDENMEYER & SONS  
PAPER WAREHOUSE,**  
22, 24 and 26 Bleecker Street.  
BRANCH WAREHOUSE: 31 Beekman Street, New York.  
All kinds of Paper made to order.

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### The Men You Meet On The "Century"

are leaders in various lines of business—men whose time is valuable, and who appreciate the saving of a business day. The increased business efficiency resulting from a refreshing night's rest over the "Water Level Route" also appeals to them.

Lv. New York 4.00 p.m. Lv. Chicago 2.30 p.m.  
Lv. Boston 1.30 p.m. Ar. Boston 11.50 a.m.  
Ar. Chicago 8.55 a.m. Ar. New York 9.25 a.m.

**NEW YORK  
CENTRAL  
LINES**

"The Train  
That Saves a  
Business Day"

**NEW YORK  
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